PARIS, Nov. 10 .- Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, being charged by King Edward III. of eternal memory, with frequent embassies was sent on account of manifold affairs of State and in perilous times, now to the Holy See, now to the court of France, now to other countries. Byarywhere the worthy Bishop carried with him his passion for books, a passion so ardent, he says, that all the waters in the world could not have extinguished it. But what joy when diplomatic business brings him to Pacis: "O blossed God of gods in Zion!" exclairs the excellent Bishop, "what a torrent of cellight re-joined our heart whenever we have had leisure to visit Paris, that paradise of the universe! There the arder of our passion caused the days to slip away too quickly; there exist libraries far more agreeable than vases filled with per-fumes; there orehards abundant in all kinds of books; there academic mendows; and so there we drew up on our treasures and gladly loosened the strings of our purse; we scattered our

money by handfuls, and we rescued from mire and dust books of inestimable value."

The bibliophilic exploits of Richard de Bury belong to the first half of the fourteenth cen-Then, as now, Paris was the paradise of book lovers: it was as a monkish rhymester put it, Dulcis Parisius, parens sine pare, Solita scholarilos bona tot parare. But Richard de Bury lived before the invention of printing: he was a collector of manuscripts, and while the modern bibliophile respects and sympathizes with the passion of Richard de Bury, he does not regard Richard as one of his ancestors In bibliophilism. The passion for books in its modern development goes back to the Renaissance only, to the time when the inventions of printing and of paper transformed the bulky manuscripts of the middle ages into portable volumes. This revolution brought into existence a new race of bibliophiles, who concerned themselves about the material beauty and correctness of the interior of books, and about the solidity and artistic decoration of the envelope destined to preserve them from the ravages of fditions de luxe, and hence the modern art of bookbinding, the two main sources of the bibliophile's joy. The modern bibliophile, therefore, traces back his spiritual ancestry to the great collectors of the sixteenth century, the Italians Maioli, Cardinal Bonelli, Dr. Demetrio Canevari, the Doge Cleogna, to the Treasurer Jean Grolier, President de and to those right royal collectors François I., Henri II., Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, Henri III. and Henri IV. The bibliophile is not happy unicss he possesses some volumes with the bindings, arms, or motto of these famous book

beton François I. Henri II. Diane reduced of instort, the plous of Patient Catherine de Medicis Henri III. and thenri IV. The bibliophile is not happy and the matter of the post of the state of the patient of the pat specially for them. It was they who invented magna charla or "large paper:" it was Grolier, among others, who used to insist upon having wide margins. This care for fine editions, broad margins, choice paper, and elegant bindings was peculiar to France and Italy, and the superiority of these two countries, and more especially of France, in all that relates to the artistic side of books and their covers, has remained ever since so pronounced and so indisputable that some of the chiefest ornaments of the collections of England, Russia, Germany, and Austria are French books, white in everything relating to bibliography the French are still the teachers of the world. The English manuals, for instance, from Dibdin down to Andrew Lang, are full of talk about the French, and the latter's volume. The Library, is mainly a shametess compilation from the books of Janin, Uzanne, and Rouveyre.

The history of bibliophilism in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is too vast a subject even to be touched upon here. It suffects to say that while bibliophilism never became extinct, there is a facuna between the connoiseours of the sixteenth and those of the intecenth century. Our own epoch is really in all senses the goiden age of books, and in reality this goiden age began some seventy years ago, and reaches its acme at the present day. The era of what may be called fancy prices for books began about 1850, as will be soon further on. But in France in the seventeenth century, a century when Europe was poor, we find hardly any book collectors. Farthermore, the Jansenists had starmatized fine books as a peculiarity futle vanity. In short, in the seventeenth century books had no commercial value beyond that of their usefulness: they formed part of the furniture of a house, and when a parsenu set up an establishment, it was generally the upholsteror who provided the books. The bookbunders, whese masterpieces are now paid for in their weight in bank notes, were regarded as similar to the contractions and the present of the prese

A HARBOR THAT SHOULD BE IMPROVED tripping the Rocks of Consect of their of Scituate-A Talk with Mr. George Lunt.

zounet, Lortie, or Marius Michel; the amateurs of the fourth category seek the original seventeenth century editions of the great French classics; the fifth category includes the lovers of the illustrated books of the eighteenth century with the plates of Eisen Cochin, Oravelot, Moreau, Marillier, &c., men who will pay \$400 for the "Baisers" of Dorat, \$1,200 for the "Chansons" of Laborde \$500 for the La Fontaine with the plates of Oudry; in the sixth category we have the collectors of the curiosities of the literature of the past, the early editions of the poets of the sixteenth century, of the romances of chivairy, and of the old story tellers; in the seventh category we will place the amateurs of French Gothic books; in the eighth the few who still buy Elzevirs, and in the unith the few French collectors who buy rare foreign books, like the Aldino Dream of Tolyphil, or the Valdarfer Boccaccio, which brought \$11,300 at the Roxburgh sale. As for collectors of manuscripts and incumabula, they are so rare nowadays that they need not be mentioned. The crities and sattrists who seed at book-towers, accused them, among many other usly charges, of being the slaves of Isshian. That look collectors are influenced by fushion cannot be denied, but the changes in that tashion are not due merely to couriee. The changes are intimately connected with the illerary and political history of Europe, after the denamental and learned language—that is to say, until to ward the end of the eighteenth century—and fine editions of the classies remained dear. At the Comte of Howen's sale it was the folios of Latin dissertations, Spanheim, and Montfaucon, that fetched the highest prices. But with the literary enamejation of the modern languages, the supremacy of Latin tegan to define. The volution led the past and the north and the past an BOSTON, Nov. 18. Scituate is one of the idest of New England settlements. It was riginally established by emigrants who had rrived at Plymouth, from England, a few years after the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620 ts territory, at and long after that period, was very extensive. Many distinguished New Eng-land families—Otises, Tildens, Ticknors, Cushings, Bryants, Lowells, Vassalls, Winstons, Curtises, and others—have descended from those early settlers. The place eventually became remarkable for maritime enterprise, but in the ourse of time business of that sort was mainly absorbed by Boston. Of late years, a consider-able portion of its population, chiefly of Irish extraction, are engaged, during the summer, in curing moss gathered from rocks in the near neighborhood of the sea, an industry the income of which sometimes amounts to \$50,000 or \$60,000 a year.
Understanding that the ancient town is

giving visible signs of improvement, and that large tracts on the four remarkable cliffs which bound it by the sea, had been recently purchased by capitalists from the city, and in some instances from even the distant West, with the intention of building cottages and probably hotels, and that everything indicated he advancement of the town to the condition of a popular summer resort, for which its reputation for health-giving air afforded warrant. I called upon Mr. George Lunt, the formerly well-known lawyer and citizen of Boston, who has taken great interest in the projected improvement of the harbor. I knew that he had rosided there for some years. Mr. Lunt took me to see the first broakwater, which has been in the course of construction since the summer of 1881. The ponderous stones used, none to be less than five hundred-weight, are brought hither from the Quincy quarries, or blasted in the pastures of Scituate, to the great benefit of the farmers, and are dumped from the lighters upon the mass by derricks. The breakwater already presents a formidable aspect, extending about 700 feet toward the channel. One hundred feet are to be added to it. There is to be a second breakwater on the opposite side of the harbor, an eighth of a mile higher up the shore, of 730 feet in length, the two thus partially overlapping each other. Both when completed, are to be four feet in height above mean high water mark. The object is to exclude the material washed up toward the bar by the sea, after the final excavation of the bed of the harbor shall have been finished. A similar process has been found successful in producing the needful result elsewhere. The end will be the establishment of a convenient and accessible harbor, at a point lialf way between Boston and Cape Cod, to the asivantage of vessels entering Massachusetts Bay, or caught there on their passage across it. In thick weather or in sudden storms. There can be no doubt that Scituate will then become a most useful rilot station and a post for turboats at a pince commanding an open view of the sea for a great distance, and that thus the present inevitable delay of communicating with Boston, twenty-six miles distant, in cases of distress will be obviated.

I learned that Mr. Lunt's residence, for eight vears past at Scituate, was merely accidental, He had been induced to resort thither for his health; and been induced to resort thither for his health; and been induced to resort thither for his health; and been induced to resort thither for his health; and been induced to resort thither for his health; and been induced to resort thither for his health; and the more distributions of th

GAME PLENTY AT WESTWOOD. Men who Make a Living as Hunters and Trappers Only 20 Miles from New York.

The hunters around Westwood, N. J., are

having unusually fine sport this season. Westwood is twenty miles from New York, in Ber-

gen county. The swamps and brush lots are alive with rabbits, and quail are so plenty that

Conductor Jim Blauvelt went out on Friday and bagged sixteen in a short time. Genesa

Otnignon and Nick Houseman, his brother-in-

ity men can gain a livelihood as hunters and

Sallio Wilson, living near Bethiehem, Hun-teriou county, has lived a maid for a hundred years, and is not yet anxious to marry.

is not yet anxious to marry.

At the golden weebling anniversary of Mr. and Mrs.

Cornelins Hartiev of Paterson there were seven chiliren thirty graint infidition, and several great grantigmatic
free present.

Robert H. Parrish died at his home in Buriington
county on Priciay in his footh year.

Berishin Stroughn died fast weck, aged 94 years, at
Pennagrove.

trappers.

These statistics already referred to were spread before those who would understand the braring of the facts, and so far as possible, before the public at large. There upon the Boston Board of Trade sent down a numerous committee of its numbers, including its President and accompanied by Gen. George Thom of the corps of United States Engineers. Their impression, after a careful view of the harbor and its surroundings, was unanimously favorable, as evinced by their formal memorial soon afterward transmitted to Congress. Other similar memorials followed from the people of Scituate, from the Boston Board of Underwriters of New York, from the Boston Marine Society, from the two Marine Societies of Saiem, and from that of Newburypert, and there were petitions of merchants and shipmasters from Partiand. Me, and of a similar class of citizens from carbons ports along the south shore as far as its extreme point at Provincetown, largely subscribed by a race of mariners, than whom no men could be more familiar with the navigation of the bay. The Boston Branch pilots also forwarded their unanimous petition earnestly recommerding the object, the interests of which nearly affected each one of them personally, and strongly commended itself to their feedings and their manimous petition earnestly recommerding the object, the interests of which nearly affected each one of them personally, and strongly commended itself to their feedings and their judgment.

Fortified with this restimony, Mr. Lunt proceeded to Washington at great inconvenience, in the winter of 1880 I, day obtained an interview with the committee on Commerce, presented the case, and obtained a report for \$5,000, as a preliminary appropriation for the harbor which was increased by 42,500 in consequence of a wreek near by. At the following session \$10,000 more was granted, and another amount of \$10,000 more was granted and another amount of \$10,000 more was granted and another in contracts with the sent of compensation for his own services in promoting a great publi

volumes, which cost their owner \$30,000. The late Barb I ames de Rothschild had in a little Barb I ames de Rothschild had in a little Barb I ames de Rothschild had in a little Barb I ames de Rothschild had in a little Barb I ames de Rothschild had in a little Barb I ames de Rothschild had cost him \$200,000 and which were worth much more. Nowadays when you hear of a choice collection of books, you must imagine an elegant bookcase of modest presertions containing rarely more than 200 or 300 volumes. Private individuals of the genus bibiophile no longer have regular libraries, Indeed, in Paris of to-day, apart from specialist libraries of working literary men. I can only mention two private libraries where neither space, nor expense, nor curiosity have been apared; these are the late Baron J. do Rothschild's collection of over 100,000 volumes and the Duc d'Aumale's spiendid library now installed at Chantilly.

The modern French collectors—and the English collections of find, follow to a great extent the fashions set by the French—may be divided into eight or nine categories and nearly all the categories have one common bond of sympathy namely, fine binding. The sulgect of binding is so delicate, so delicious, so full of menifold and diverse loys, that a bibliophile would not venture to speak of it summarily and incidentally; it must be reserved for special treatment with all the detail and honor due to so lovely an art. Our first category or bibliophile would not venture to speak of it summarily and incidentally; it must be reserved for special treatment with all the detail and honor due to so lovely an art. Our first category or bibliophile would not venture to speak of it summarily and incidentally; it must be reserved for special treatment with all the detail and honor due to so lovely an art. Our first category or bibliophile would have been proved of the category consists of amateurs, who divide their love between ancient and modern bindings; the bird category consists of amateurs, of content of the category

Otnignon and Niek Houseman, his brother-inlaw are the champion rabbit shooters of the
place. They go out every day, and have
brought in 156 rabbits since Nov 1. Houseman shoots for the New York market. They
are legitimate sportsmen, and hunt with dogs.
Houseman's gun nets him about \$1 a day.

Musican trapping is also a prolitable industry to the Westwooders. The banks of the Hackensuck are thickly perforated with the openings to musical burrows, and Abe by sinking
his traps in the water along the edges of the
stream has secured nearly one hundred skins
this season. He sells them for 18 cents apleee,
besides these, he has captured one opossum,
one mink, and a skink this fall, antishot scores
of rabbits. The opossum he secured alive, in
one of his skink traps. Possums are so rare
in this neighborhood that Abe's house is overtun with visitors. He averages \$2.50 a day by
his traps and gun, it would hardly be beleved that a most in the suburbs of New York
city men can gain a livelihood as hunters and

## POEMS WORTH READING

On the Hudson. The glow of perfect day unconscious lies
O'er Hudson's wide expanse this autumn tide.
When Nature's banners, streaming far and wide,
Are mirrored in its waters with the dyes
Of Indian summer's painting—darks and brights—
Enveloping the prospect, till we seem
Weapped in the spienders of an Orient dream.
Of these waters with the spienders of the original lights. O River: whose soft waves reflect all lights, By farm and palace where mankind may dwell, Happier than by the Shannon, Thames, or Rhine, Could I have but a cottage to call mine On thine enchanting banks, it would be well; Where musing, from earth's tumuits I'd be free To watch thy peaceful journey to the sea Enwann S. CREARES.

From Good Words.

The misthress is dyin', the docthors have said so, Uh, who'd he a docthor, to bring us our deather. To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so, A feelin' the putses, an contain the breaths? To drive to nur doors in a vehicle stately.

Outstretchin' the hand for a fee on the siy, To settle our deaths for its very complately.

An' very contintedly lave us to die:

"The misthress is dyin—it is such a pity—
The master just worships the ground "neath her tread,
She's such a sware craitur, so smille and pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead?
She trate us so kindly we think it an henor
To larn from herself her awn itigant ways;
I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her.
An' what will I do whim she's dead, if you place?

'I hate our fine doethor' he ought to be cryin'.
But souled as he ran to his carringe an' book.
Jet afther he toid us the darlint was dyn'—
Shure if she recovered how quare he would look!
I know he's paints—the best in the city—
But tod's above all—even doethors—who knows
I am a poor little savint, "says Kitty.
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose!"

But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose:

So down on her knees, in a whiri of emotion,
With anger and grief in a herathle swing,
Her I rish tongue praying with atter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.
The peor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implored with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover.
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in;
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her sensitive eyes scenning similer and glazed;
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction;
He just sat and saw her—in fact, he was dazed.
A pallor less ghasily—the geneales quiver—

A pallor less ghastly—the syclashes quiver— Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise— Grim Death retrogracies with a sad little shiver— She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes! A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror? Lesus up in his heart while he watches his wife— Is it life before death! is it fancy's sweet error? Or is it—or can it be—verily life?

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute— They wait for his dat as that of a god— Who sagely remarks that there is something in it, Granting leases of life with an autocral's nod. Joy rings through the house that was silent in addess, The master believes that he ne'er felt despair. And Kitty, the servant laught out, but her gladness, To think that they none of them knew of her prayer.

## Jaffa and Jerusalem Railroad Wrongs.

Jaffa and Jerusalem Hallrond Wrongs.

From the Denver Tribune.

Ben-AlbSneezer, late one afternoon,
Met Shekt Bak-dammon on old Horeb's mount,
And thus he, in the language of the East,
His molifarious burdships did recount:
O Shekt, I how me in the dust and mourn,
For let while browsing on the ferrite plain,
Two of my choicest helfers, fair and fat.
Were caught in limb and were rudely slain
By that internal pest of recent birth,
The laid past eight accommodation train!"

Then quoth the Shekt: "One of my whitest lambs,
While frisking o'er the distant flowery less
Was by that selfsome fatal train run down.
Now, O Ben Alil by the Prophet's beard,
What are we runned shepherd folk to do?
Suppose we take our troubles into court.'
You swear for me, and I will swear for you;
And so, by motival oaths, it's possible
We may most hap by pull each other through."

Ben-All-Sneezer some mouths after met

We may most hap by pull each other through."

Ben All Sheezer some mouths after met.

The Shelk Rak Gammon, and inclined to sport.

The tweat down upon a cedar stump.

To talk of their experiences in court.

Ben All quoth: "Then cows was thin as rails—
Now that they're gone, it's mighty giad I am;"

Now that they're gone, it's mighty giad I am;"

Now that they're gone, it's mighty giad I am;"

Now that they're gone, it's mighty giad I am;"

Now that they're gone, it's mighty giad I am;"

Now that we want to make the pudgment's paid, I don't mind teiling you that slaughtered iamb,

So far from being what you swore at court,

Was, by the great horn spoon, not worth a —— i"

# From the Laramie Boomerang.

See the wheeler with his wheel,
Silent wheel
How many nurderous thoughts pass through our mind
as past he steale;
As he ginder along the pave
With the silence of the grave.
And the crystalline gittering of nickel plated steel
Bursts upon the erraptured sight,
As it flashes dazzing bright.
Till the gamins with delight
Which the ordinary mortal and pedestrian cannot feel).
Yellout. See the blooming hight on his allitood'nous
On his lofty and exaited and velocipedic wheel,
On his lofty and exaited and velocipedic wheel,
On his lofty and velocipedic wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel, wheel,
Hear the tinkling of his bell.
Little bell. See the wheeler with his wheel,

Little bell.

As it warms the folks to give him room before he gives
them. Tophet.

And he dings it all the while.
With a feeble vacant smile.

As he works his number twelve in a rhythmic kind of

As he works his number twelve in a rhythmic kind of all the people shi they think.

When they hear that linkle tink.

Here comes old Darwin's lost one? here comes the missing link.

And they positively feel Like sumshing up his wheel,

And implanting on his pantaloons some wounds that would cause him to stand upright as he takes his midday meal.

And would give him heaps of trouble as he sat upon his wheel. wheel, wheel wheel wheel wheel wheel, wheel, the his mckel plated, highly polished wheel.

# Three Troubles.

Prom the Fonkers Sitesman.

Three carpets lung waving in the breeze.
Abrond in the breeze as the sun went down.
Ant three huisbands with patches of diet on their knees.
Whacked whacks that were heard for inties up and down.
For men must work and women must clean.
And the carpets be heaten no matter how mean,
While the neighbors do the bossing.

while the neighbore of the dossing.

Three housewives leaned out of their windows raised—
Of their windows raised, where the light streamed in; And they excluded and scrubbed, till their heads grawdinged.

And their ears were filled with a horrible din.
For the pote will fall, and kettles so bang.

While the husbands do the awearing.

Three husbands went out in the baymows to hide— In the baymows to hide, where their wives ne'er baymout. The baymout is hide, where their wives ne'er a baymout. The baymout is a baymout in the baymout. The baymout will smooth, for I know I am booked. For men any swear, but women may dust; And before I mive that stove that I must. This stay right here till morning?

Three judges sat on their benches to judge. Three cases that cashe from a house cleaning row. The parties asserted their never would budges. But wanted divorces right here and right now." So the men went off, and the women went home. And hereafter will do their house cleaning alone, While their former partners snicker.

From the Biston Transcript.

Spring at her height, or a morn in prime,
Salie that langle from a diving squall.

Poun of harmony rapture of riv mesYouth is the sign of them, one and all.
Water surests, and leaves that fall,
An empty diagon, a folded page.

I tunised-lown when, a tattered ball—
These are the types of the world of age.

Boils that clash in a gorgeous chime.
Swords that claster in onsets tall.
The words that claster in onsets tall.
The words that ring and the fames that climb—
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
Old hymnals prome in a dusty stall.
A hold, blint bork in a craw case.
The scene of a fadel festival—
These are the types of the world of age.

Hours that strut, as the heirs of time.
Bucks whose ramors a ciarion call.
Souges where the singers their souls sublimeYouth is the sign of them, one and all.
A staff that rests in a nook of the wail,
A recling bottle, a rusted gauge,
The chant of a nearing functal.—
These are the types of the world of age.

Struggle and snorlace, rist and brawn— Youth is the sign of them, one and all, A smouldering hearth and a slient stage— These are the types of the world of age.

From the Communit Strictle.
September a listless moon is slowly drifting Atlivant the easters ask.
(asking her sivery shafts ober swaying treetops Whose trunks in shadows lie.

The night wind scatters perfume o'er the meadow Of the disbosoms sweet. And softly rustles in the fading hedges That guard the quiet street. From sombre field, from shadowy hedge and hollow I hear the cricket's call; I does necess the performed mountit silence In decembers rise and full.

In agring time, when the birds with liquid warblings, A-ross the meathwa dart.

I know not wherefore, but bright, tender leadets.

Of hope burst in my heart.

But as the crickers' patient, dreary chanting Florits o'er the mendows brown. Basted and tern, without their full fruition, The dead leaves dutter down.

Why Grope Ye in Darkness!

From the Scient: Break!

Why grope ve in darkness
At nomelay, O saints,
and why are ye troubled and sad!

The sum of God's love
Beamedth brightly for aye,
Then wals in its light and be glad.

He hath not forsaken His children—His own; But, of: we have wandered from Him; Xo rest have we found, While star this we roam, And the light in our lamps is so dim.

Can we not discern new The signs of the times. Whose good to his least portend? Awake, yet. Awake Gird the armore new And fathfully strive till the end.

Sweet ponce ever broads o'er. The authway of right. The guarded by Him who is strong; Arise Let us gladly. The pathway pursue. And sing as we journey along V. V. Sagar. AN IDEAL DEMOCRACY.

Meetings-How Vermonters Live.

the boss pays the fine, the barkceper runs away and a new man is hired.

Vermont marble is known all through the country, the annual product of the Rutland mines being largor than those of any other rown in the world. The Fairbanks and Howe scales are sold even to India and Australia, but the State is better known for its distinguished men than for any other product. In the early days the judiciary of the State ranked with the strongest in the country, their decisions being masterpieces of logic. It was Thorpe Harrington, one of the earliest Judges a man innocent of the polish of schools, who declared in a fugitive slave case: It takes a bill of sale from ded Almighty to hold a man in this court. For this display of courage he was given a memorial by one of the English anti-slavery societies. Most of those men were, as is the present Senator Edmunds, men of Vermont training as well as birth.

In a little town in the Champlain valley I have often seen the house where Levi P. Morton, present American Minister at Paris, was born or passed a part of his youth. The old inhabitants speak of his father as "Priest Morton," although he ministered to a Congregationalist flock, and revere him as a saint, There is a story affoat in the New England press that a sign bearing the legand. "Levi P. Morton, Tailor," was discovered a few years ago in a New Hampshire village. So far, the story is a common one, and would be a credit to any American in his own country. The sequel adds, however, that the New York banker tried to purchase and destroy that sign, and that is possessor refused to sell It. It would be difficult to say which part of that statement is most incredible to the Yankee mind. In the same town stands the house where the lev. Josephus Cook, who has since made such vigorous assaults upon both theology and the English language, went to school and did chores for his board" in his boyhood. Functionaries, Not Rulers, Chosen at Town RUTLAND, Vt., Nov. 17.-Bismarck is said to have pronounced Vermont "the most perfeet democracy on the globe." Whether this remark is authentic or not, it is certainly true that the government of the people is more direct and apparent here than in other States. The Government, as elsewhere in New England, is based on the town meeting, which Emerson considered so important an element in forming New England character; and it brings to the test of this most democratic gathering many matters which the other States control by counties, notably its roads and public registries. The townships average about six miles square, and each one votes its own taxes, provides for its own highways, publie buildings, and paupers. This business and the election of the necessary executive officers is all done in the annual "March meeting," held the first Tuesday in March, where every citizen has a voice and a vote. A synopsis of the business to be transacted is given in the previously published warning. Political preferences are ignored in the election of officers, and although the cleenton of officers, and although the business is transacted intelligently and promptly. The principal officers elected are the promptly. The principal officers elected are the promptly the property of the Poor, a Town Agent, a Superintendent of the Poor, a Town Agent, a Superintendent of the Poor, a Town Agent, a Superintendent of Schools, a Constable and Tax Collector, and twenty or thirty Highway Surveyors, each of whom has a certain extent of, highway to keep in repair. Justices of the Poace are elected with the political officers in the fail. The services rendered by the officers and the man activation, and the property of the Poace are elected with the political officers in the fail. The services rendered by the officers are in the main grautious, nithough Town Clerks have a Coverseers of the Poor are voted \$2 a day or so for their services by the meeting. The amount of the tax to be voted is the main question with each meeting. Two years ago a change was made in the Tax law, which takes the burlen of taxation off from the poor farmers who had previously berne it and places it upon the enpirishists. Of course it met with opposition, and it formed the edd issue of the political compagn. The present Legislature who would strangle the law with amendments. The Legislature in session will doubtless tinker the law, but will make it stronger, if anything. As it stands, each person is required to prepare and make onth to a complete schedule of his property for taxation, refusal being punished by doubling the value of all discoverable property, and using this result as a tax basis, and false swoang by mis pronned. The public records before mon timed and false the amount of property returned, and, of course, reduce the tax as as and false swoang by missing the property of the law was formed to the best town elected. The courty of the courty of the law. Two Demo

### A FATAL OLD SWIFEL.

## The Rifle to which Ira Crissman Lays the

Searceness of Beer in Pike. MILFORD, Pa., Nov. 18.-An antiquated rifle stands in a corner of the gun room in M. C. Westbrook's house in Blooming Grove—a house once famous as a sportsman's tavern. The rifle was made years ago by a gunsmith in the central part of New York, for Solomon Westbrook, father of the celebrated Pike county deer slayers, John C. "Mose," and the Hon. Lafe Westbrook. It has the old-fashioned swivel breech, and is known all over the country as "Old Swivel." The original owner of the gun killed more than a score of deer with it.

swivel breech, and is known all over the country as "Old Swivel," The original owner of the gun killed more than a score of deer with it. He died thirty years ago. Then Lafe Westbrook used it for years. Ten years ago he laid it aside as worthless. He couldn't hit anything with it, he said. Then Uncle Ira Crissman, Justice of the Peace, and a member of Moses's household, took it up. He said the gun was worth all the rest of the guns in Pike county, and that the reason Lafe couldn't kill anything with it was because he didn't know how to shoot. Uncle Ira has hunted with it every season since, and no one else ever thinks of touching it. It stands in the corner waiting until he goes up to take his annual hunt, he having come to Milford a few years ago to be Justice of the Poace here, and to help Frank Crissman run the Crissman House.

The never missed a deer since I hunted with Old Swivel," says Uncle Ira, and Ive drawn bead on a good many of em with it. Ive shot 'em at short distances and at long distances. If I can only get that gun on 'em once, that's all I ask. They say deer are scarce this year, and give all sorts of reasons for it, but the main one is the bringing of Old Swivel into the county. When I die and they lay that gun to one side, deer will soon pick up again, and be as pienty as ever.

Tremember a few years ago a party of Yorkers came to Mose's for a hunt, One of the party was Tom. Winchester, the hotel man. Lafe took charge of the party, and me and old Swivel went out to do the killing. We were hunting one day over along the Shohola. The dogs had sent a big doe within something less than half a mile of where I stood on the runway, and Old Swivel hollered at it and it stopped right in its tracks. I hung the unit and was dressing it, when I heard a big noise in a deep hole in the creek. I looked around, and there was the biggest buck I ever saw, swimming across. I picked up the gun, and gave the deer a chance by letting it get a good 300 yards start, and then I iet him have it behind the fore shoulde

but give me this old snorter that he one will hunt with but me. I'm going to Blooming Grove as soon as Lafe is ready, and you'll hear a little further from Old Swivel."

\*\*NEW FORK'S TEAM FOR 1883.\*

Players who have Made Good Records and who Ought to Work Together.

The leading battery of the professional team to represent New York in the League championship arena of 1883, for the first time championship arena of 1883, for the first time since 1876, will be Ward of the Providence team and Ewing of the Troys. Ward has no superior and Ewing of the Troys. Sonators Edmunds and Morrili when their time for reflection comes, as both men have refused to put in lists under the law.

Schools are managed on a basis even more intensely local than the towns are. Each town is divided into from six to sixteen school districts small emouth so that all children can easily reach a schoolhouse. Each district wates the control of the control of the control of school the only compulsion being that school shall be taught six months in the year. Women may vote in the school meetings, but they almost universally ignore that privilege. The poorer districts have no more school than the law requires—a summer term for the little children, and a winter term for all who can get in a winter term for all who can get in a winter term for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter term for all who can get in a winter term for all who can get in a winter term for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter to make a winter town for all who can get in a winter to make a winter to make a winter town for all who can get in a winter to make a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winter town for all who can get in a winte in the League arena as a strategist in the pitcher's position, and neither has he as a fielder. while in the other important essentials of batting and base running he is rated as first class. Ewing, his catcher, besides being a splendid player behind the bat, is beyond question the best general utility man in the professional ranks; and he will not only catch for Ward, but when not doing battery work he will cover the second baseman's position, in which he excels. His base-running skill made him a desirable asquisition for the Chicago team of 1833, that club only failing to secure him by being outbid by the Metropolitan Club. The second battery will be Claine and O'Neill, both of whom did such effective work together in the Metropolitan team of 1882, in which O'Neill's average of carned runs against his pitching in Lengue games was the smallest of any of the Metropolitan pitchers. Claip's play behind the bat, especially in his catching of foul bails, was up to the highest mark last season. The third battery will be Welch and Mike Dengan, the former being the effective good-natured pitcher of the Troys, and the latter the once famous catcher of the Syracuse Stars in their paimy days as also the splendid right flesior of the Providence team of 1880. This battery force, with proper field support, and combined with good team work, ought to carry the New York League team close up to the goal of the championship in 1883.

For base men, they will have find that carnest and reliable worker. Reilly, to cover first base, with Connor of the Troys as an assistant when necessary. For guarding second base there will be Ewing, when not catching, and John Troys as the reserve player for that position. At third base Hankinson will be the occupant, and his splendid clay there in this past season is sufficient warrant for his filling the bill in 1835 equal to the best. The short stop will be Caskins, who ranks high in the position, and he will no doubt play better than ever before in the new team. For outfielders that ever before in the new team. while in the other important essentials of batting and base running he is rated as first class

# A Savings Bank in School,

A penny savings bank has been established in public school 0, in Brooklyn, which is managed by the members of the Irving Literary Society, and its deposits members of the Irving Literary Society, and its deposits amount now to \$161. The object of the bank its of encourage habits of thrift among the children, and it is so well patronized that by the time a paul gradinates there is often a considerable amon to his or fee receilt.

The bank is opened on Mondays and Fridays from 3 to 4 P. M. and deposits of one cent and ignoral arcreceived. When the deposits of one cent and ignoral arcreceived which is savings. Bank, where the deposits draw interest who at the same passing the savings which is the bank in the Brook in savings. Bank, where the deposits draw interest whom a deposits of a pass bank upon the Brook in Savings Bank containing his account with accrease interest or the money but deposits may be withdrawn at will. This system follows the routine of regular as any banks, and not only the shiften become familiar with 0, but the lasts who manage the bank carn banking shift book begins.

Silk muslin remains in vogae for ball dresses.

The rage for yellow has not yet run its course.
All dancing dresses are, its regions, short all around.
The favorite corsage flower is the small yellow aster.

The favorite corsing flower is the small yellow aster. Christians goods are making their appearance in the shop windows.

The fastionable fore are local beaver, astracian, and for especially silver for.

The Russian circle with its broad bands of for, is the popular long clock of the scason.

Some ladies wear voices for coreage bouquets all the year round, regardless of the cost.

Floore fined with gloves are more suitable for wear with a mind or a for limit streaker than hids.

Ladies who as to balls in long and trained dresses an

NEWS FROM ALL THE WORLD. Unclaimed Money at the Cape of Good Hope. From the London Gazette.

A list of persons who have died at the Cape of Good Hope, leaving some of money hore or less con-siderable, to which their 'unknown heirs' are entitled, comprises some hundreds of names. The smout un-clatured is shout £20,000, and the more noticeable items are the following: are the following:
Unknown heirs of William Moore.
Unknown heirs of Hobert Waters.
John Saumel Partby.
Unknown heirs of J. S. Eligood.
Unknown heirs of William Tail.
Unknown heirs of John Bud. Tiking with heirs of Joseph William Stewart Scott Ellen Copeland Unknown heirs of Walter C. Lowe. Unknown heirs of Henry Buckton

Unknown belrs of Henry Buckton Affred Mandy Unknown hers of Donald James Stewart The absent bars of Henry Mills The absent heirs of Mary Ann Grant following
Willem (alias William), liberated African
Unknown heirs of Adonts (a Mantatee)
August (a Mantatee)
Simon of Malineshury (a laborer)
James (alias Jim James) M) well (a Mantatee) Unknown heirs of Sam (a Fingo) Unknown heirs of John Smith The estate of the late Jim

## Two Styles.

We all admire the business man who is terse and to the point, and we distinct the man who hangs on to the door knot as though life was a never-ending summer dream, and refuses to say good-by. It's so with correspondence, here is a line which tells the story in brief, without wearing out your eves and days by pondernus phrases and useless verbiage. "Useless verbiage not frothy surplusage" is a symonym which we discovered in 7a, while excavating for the purpose of laying the foundations of our imposing residence up the guide. Persons using the same will please fork over ten percent of the gross receipts.

"Basong Me., 11-10-82.

Persons using the same will please fork over ten per cent. of the gross receipts. "Bandon Me., 11-10-82." Find the, for which send sample copy Moomerang to above address. Yours Ac. Thomas Bittings." Some would have said "please" find enclosed ten cents in the letter that covers all seeming lack of politioners, and it's all right.

Here's another style, which evinces a peculiarity we do not admire. It bespeaks the man who thinks that life and its associations are given as in order to wear out the time, whiling patiently, meanwhile, for Gabriel to render his little overtices, real life is senreet. We cannot be supported in four lines. We feel that we are here to do the greatest glood on the greatest momer, and we dis like the correspondent who hangs on to the literary door knot, so to speak, and absorbs our time, which is worth \$5.35 per hour.

Mr. William Nee, equ. Laramie City, Wyoming:

door knob, so to speak, and absorbs our time, which is worth \$5.35 per hour.

Here we go!

New Centreville. Wis. Nov. 5. 1882.

Mr. William Nee, ess., Laname City, Wyoming:

Dran Sin.—I have often saw in our home papers little peices out out of your paper. The Larmy Brownersang yet I have never saw the paper lited. I having pick up a paper from the Firetisk Friend to the Christian di work that I do not see something or a nother from your faseshus pen and credited to The Boomerung. I have asked our bookstore for a copy of the paper, and he said go to grass, there wasn't no such periodickle in existence. He is a llar, but I did not tell him so because I am just recovering from a case of that kind now, which swelled both eyes shet and placed me under the doctor's care. It was the result of a campaign ite, and at this more on the matter now.

I was the result of a campaign ite, and at this more on the matter now.

I send tou cents in post copy of the Boomering, and I saw on the matter now.

I send tou cents in post copy of the Boomering, and it was more convenient to me, and I suppose that you can use them all right, as you must have a good deal of writing to do. I intend to read the paper thorrow and give my folks the henefit also. I have to read humerrus pieces to my children and my wife and hear their gurely laugh well in like a bottolink. I now take a nestern paper which is gloony in its tendencies and I call if the Morg. It looks at the dark side of life and costs & a year and postage.

No send the speciment if you please and I will probably suscribe for the Boomerung as I have saw a good many extrax from it is our papers here and I have not as yed saw your paper. So good-by. Yours truly.

What Love Deponds on ta Memphis.

What Love Depends on is Memphis.

From Merischer's Weckly.

The society season in Memphis depends upon the cutton eron. The same causes which make cotton late tend to delay society gatherings, and thus have a perceptible affect upon the number of marriages. Some philosophers hold that the wheat crop is so intimately connected with the question of marriages, that it is possible to calculate the ratio between the number of bushels raised and the number of marriages to take place. In the Southern States this ratio depends upon the cotton crop. The consequence of the destruction of half the cotton crop, ordinary business men tell us would be to double the price of calico, but the disastrous affect upon marriages, and consequently upon the increase of population, no one has been bold snough to state. Who would think that love depended upon the cotton crop?

# From the Chicago Tribune.

Night in St. Louis.

Sented in the parlor of her father's magnificent residence. Lurinic Louisehair allowed her taper flugers to wander dily over the keys of the piano, and, obselient to her delicate touch, there deated forth upon the air the strains of that beautiful miserer. Since Papa Tora His Pants." And as since sat there, absorbed in the sad reflections to which the missic gave rise, the door opened softly, and Berwyck Hetherington entered the room. Later the same services are supported in the sad resident of the same services and the mission of the same services and to win whose pockethook in return she would have histed around with dread serricustures, was standing by her side. But at last Herwyck placed his hand gently on her shoulder, and by that indefinable sense that tells us of a human presence, although we see it not, she knew that somebody was around. Turning quickly, she saw Mr. Hetherington.

"I did not know you were here," also said, a blush fooding the face that such a little time accurate placed.

The blush grows deeper and more vivid now, and the saked.

The blush grows deeper and more vivid now, and the

### A Gig that has Just been Built for George Gould. From the Staten Island Gazette and Sentinet

From the Staten Island Gazette and Sentinet.

On Wednesday of last week a notable invention book its departure from the shores of this island. It was remarked the properties of the instance of the statent of the sentence of the statent of the sentence of the statent of the sentence of the sentence of the statent of the sentence of the statent is an invented of the sentence of the

Prof. Bell. the Smithsonian Institution's agent shipped his last collection of snakes to the North it is supposed his last collection of snakes to the North it is supposed his last collection of snakes to the North it is supposed and already has his misseum full again, it is supposed and already has his misseum full again in dering treatment.

During the recent cold snap some of them that he turns loose in his room at might climbed up the hed post and solded themselves up in his blankets. He felt them minding for coses spain anout his lies, and knew that he ought to get up and provide them with some loose straw; but a sleepy man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed of a cold night is not exercisely man in a warm hed on an unsurally as his custom. The rightless of rowded upon one another, quarrelied a little fought a little hissed, but the Professor did not bridger only now and then he would wake slightly and ory softly. Whist, boys! He easy, looy and the little hissed was a supplied to the highest court one wand then he would wake slightly and ory softly.

wave slightly and cry softly. "Whist, boys! Be easy, lays!

At last a big coachwhip snake found an opening near the edge of the binkeds and slowly glided in. There was a gentle waying up and down of the hedelothes as the big clay bink serport moved about getting humself confortatio, when suddenly he slapped about two thirds of his trigolicity hagainst the warm legs of the dozing Professor.

The Professor made a violent remark. He sat up in hed gathered a handful of snakes in each hand, depositing them care fully on the floor, then throwing hank the bedelothes he administered a kink that sent the coach whip diving through the dark to the further end of the room, encountering the layer in its acrist flight, and knocking from its bracket on the soft for fragicalability of an accordance in the coach whip diving through the dark to the further end of the room, encountering the layer in its acrist flight, and knocking from its bracket on the soft for fragicalability of an accordance in the coach which we have the soft of the fragicalability of the accordance in the coach which is the soft of the fragicalability of an accordance of the coach wave distributed and some stake in the deposit of the property of the soft of the coach, were lost in poperful Stable.

### Gov. Stanford's Stable. From Torr. Field and Farm.

Exe Gov. Lettered Stanford is now in the city, and in Westerlet. Its Stanford is now in the city, and in Westerlet. Its Stanford is now in the city and in Westerlet. Its Stanford its combines. Design the control of the combines. Design the combines of the combines of the combines of the combines of the work of the combines of the work of the combines of the combines of the combines. It is a stanformal but he would like in sew which down in a both with Eastern bred three sear olds before giving positive orders to Marvin. He authorizes the less with drawn as the attained with the combines the combines of the combines

### A Suggestion for Many People. From the Landmie Boomerang.

For the first time during our acquainteness with san two of the class appears we have been a first san two of the class appears we have been a first san two of the class we were all so the first san the class which we were and so by two or class to make the first san acquainteness and so by two or class to make the first san acquainteness and so the first san acquainteness and so the class at the first san acquainteness and so the class at the first san acquainteness and the class at the first san acquainteness and the class at the first san acquainteness with goulful system of the san acquainteness with goulful system of the san account.